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ROGERS' SLIDE, LAKE GEORGE.

THE ART UNION

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NO. 10-11.

THE ART UNION.

OWING to the illness of the editor, and the absence of the officers of the Art Union on their summer vacations, it was impossible to get out our October number on time. Trusting with confidence in the good nature of our subscribers, we make the present issue do service for both October and November.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. J. W. CASILEAR'S sketch takes us, as far as black and white go, to Rogers' Slide, one of the most charming views of that charming Lake George.

Mr. T. W. Wood's sketch is from his picture that was in the Louisville exhibition. It lacks the subtlety of expression that constitutes the chief charm of the original.

Mr. J. Wells Champney's page of seaside sketches remind one vividly and pleasantly of familiar types that are always to be met "by the deep sea and music in its roar."

Another of our most accomplished pen and ink draughtsmen, Kruseman Van Elten, furnishes us with a sketch of his picture, "A Village Road Near Ellenvil'e, N. Y." The illuminated poem from *Punch* speaks for itself, and our imaginative illuminator has added to the original text quite as much as he received from it.

A CONVERSATION.

MR. GOODWILL comes into the studio of his friend, the painter Ceno, and after a hearty salutation, proceeds, as is his custom, to look about the room for such work as the artist may have done since his last visit. He examines what is in progress on the easel, and then catches a glimpse of a sketch put somewhat to one side. Taking it up with manifest interest, and giving it attentive study, he comes out at last with the question: "Say, my good friend, when did you make this? It is a most excellent subject."

"You think so? I have had that for a great while; it is several years old, like some others of the same character, hidden away among my papers. In fact, it is too good a subject, and for this reason I have never attempted to convert the sketch into a picture."

"Is that the case? But surely, you can scarcely be in earnest. You have never done anything better. The *idea* is so fine, not to mention the composition. There are splendid possibilities in that subject. You certainly ought to give it a more worthy and permanent shape."

"But what's the use? I cannot afford to paint what

would never sell. It costs money to paint pictures, and this subject would require a good-sized canvas, an expensive frame, and other outlay. You know very well the state of affairs that rules at present; that we have, artists and people alike, been gradually subsiding into utter indifference as to thought in art—regarding subject—and a race of model philosophers has evolved the novel notion that *thought* spoils a picture for a work of pure art, which, according to their definition, is something independent of, or perhaps even militating against, unmixed æsthetics as required by the highest canons of art. In fact, French example, that is prolific in downward gravitating theories, has long ago excited the criticism, 'A Frenchman cares about the *manner* before the *matter*.' We have come to the same condition, and the artist is forced, may be against his better instincts and convictions, to yield for the sake of bread and butter. You know personal and family needs are very imperative, and the heroism necessary to hold out against popular dictates when they affect a man's living in this expensive age, is rather a scarce article. For that reason I put my fine thoughts into my portfolio, look them over once in awhile, not without a regretful sigh, and endeavor to suit the prevailing taste by studying naturalism and *technique*, and so meet the demand of the market."

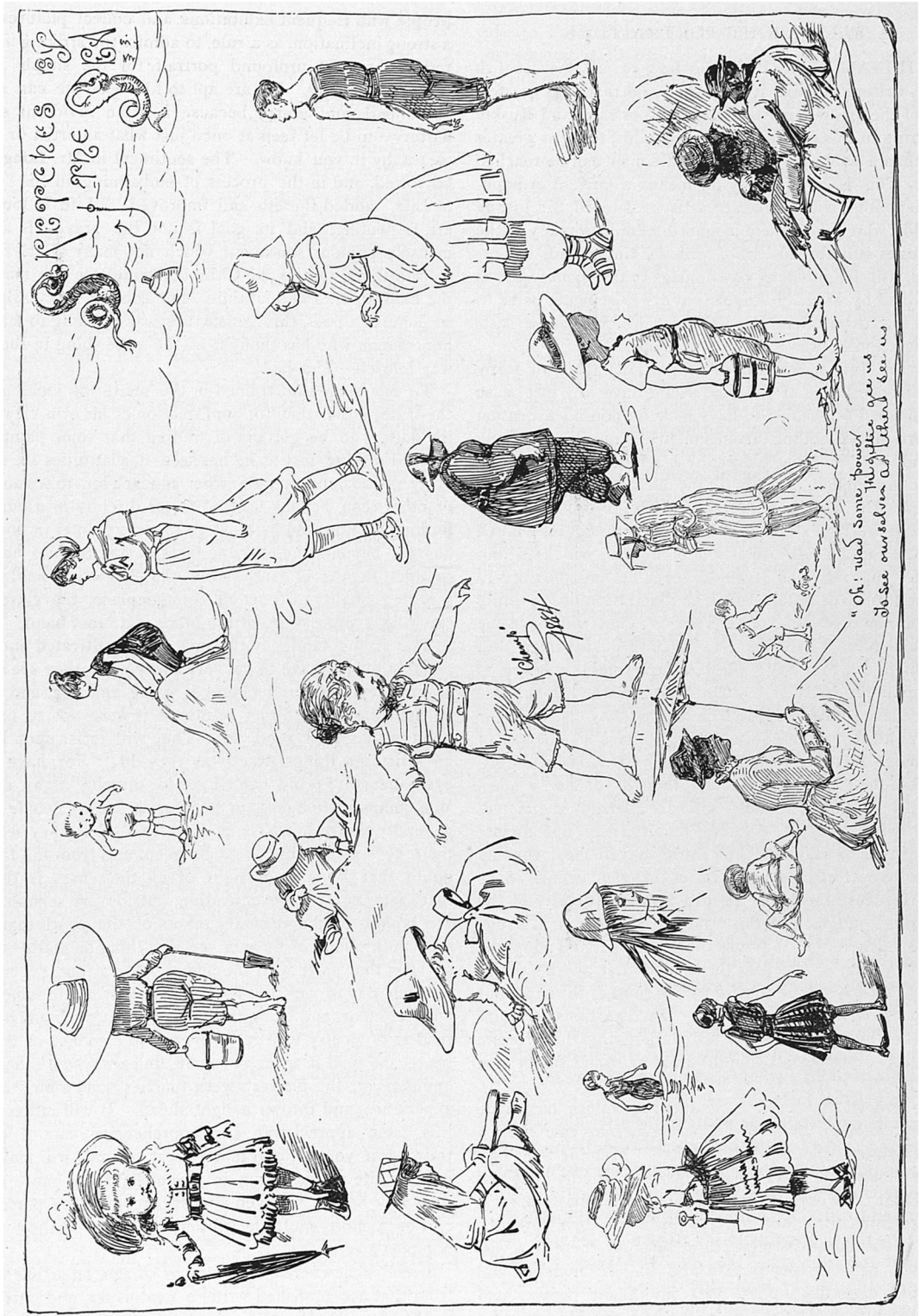
"But I am of the opinion that you view the case from the darkest side. The real condition is not quite so black. Indeed, I believe we are even now on the edge of a transition to better, more common-sense, ideas; that the crisis is passing, and a healthy practice returning."

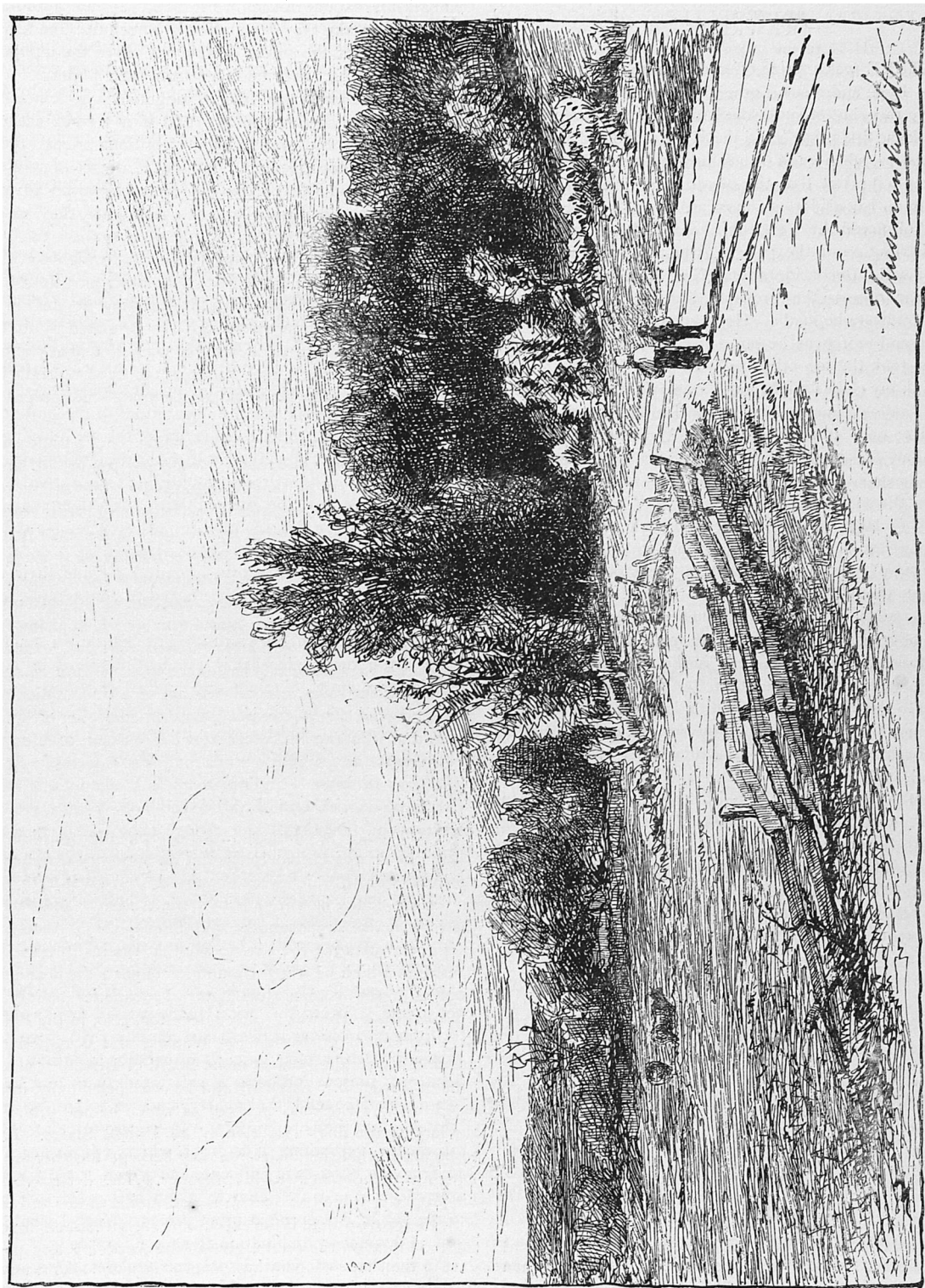
"You are very hopeful. But by what 'signs of the times' do you predict so desirable a change?"

"Ah! perhaps as a layman in art matters, with no small share of love for an interest in art, I am more free to look about and notice these 'signs of the times' and give them careful consideration. You see, I have been watching these many years, change after change in taste and fashion, each running its due course like any epidemic—for we Americans cannot do things coolly, nor this nineteenth century go slower than the express train and telegraph—and this little history is replete with many useful reflections. You recollect how single-minded were the men who had the honor of being the pioneers of art in this country: the Copleys and Weirs and Allstons and Coles, and how little troubled they were with baneful theories such as now distract their successors. You recollect also with what intellectual and high moral promise they started Art on this Western continent; how thoughtful were many of their productions, so that, for epic grasp and poetic force



A DAUGHTER OF EVE.—BY T. W. WOOD.





A VILLAGE ROAD NEAR ELLENVILLE, N. Y.—BY KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN.